

REPORTED BRITISH AERIAL ATTACK AT ANTWERP

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

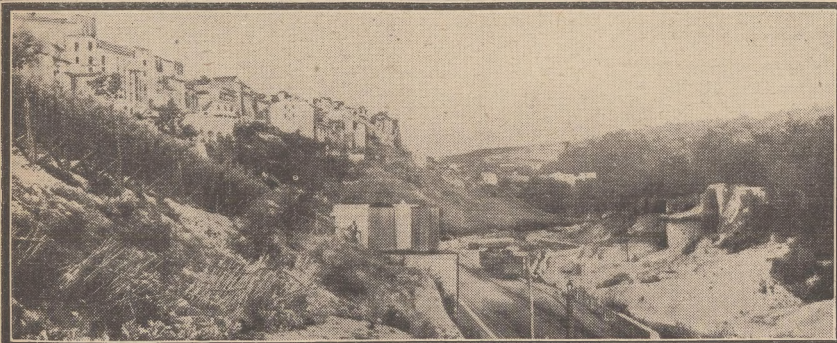
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One Halfpenny.

32,000 KILLED AND INJURED IN ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE:
GREATEST DISASTER OF ITS KIND SINCE MESSINA.



Avezzano, which has been completely destroyed. Only 800 of its 9,000 inhabitants are reported to have survived.



The sea front at Messina after the great earthquake. It is estimated that 200,000 persons perished.



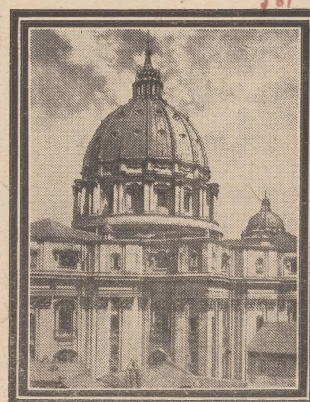
It is poor women like this who suffer.



The Piazza Colonna, Rome, where the statue of St. Paul is leaning over.



Both maps show the stricken area. The small one also shows the position of Messina, where the terrible earthquake occurred in 1908.



The Cathedral of St. Peter, Rome, where 150 windows have been broken.

Italy has been the scene of another terrible earthquake, which, from all accounts, is the greatest disaster of its kind since the appalling visitation which wrecked Messina. Several towns appear to have been wiped out, and the latest estimates place the number of

dead at 12,000, with 20,000 injured. On this occasion the capital itself has felt shocks—there was one of appreciable strength yesterday—and several famous buildings are reported as damaged.

ACTRESS WHO WORKS AS PARLOURMAID.

Emergency Work That Is Being Done by Women in Wartime.

GIRL VOLUNTEERS.

"We cannot enlist, so we are going to do all we can to help things along at home and, if necessary, fill the places of the men who are away in the trenches"—that is the spirit of the thousands of members of the Women's Emergency Corps.

A busier or more cheerful place than the central offices of the corps at the Old Bedford College, Baker-street, would be hard to find anywhere in London.

All day a staff of some 350 women—some volunteers, others paid—are hard at work planning and organising the enormous social work which is being done by the corps.

"How can I help?" is the daily appeal of hundreds of women well known in the social world who, before the war, spent most of their time at "At Homes" and bridge parties.

Useful work is being found for everybody. There is, for instance, a large staff of fashionable women who spend the greater part of their time looking after Belgian refugees, providing them with food and shelter, and doing their shopping for them.

QUAINT REQUESTS.

There have been many quaint requests from women for different kinds of employment, so that they "can help things along." "I think I should like to be a life-guard," wrote one girl. "Can you get me such a post in London?"

Finding such a position for a woman proved rather a puzzle for the authorities. There is one lift-woman in London, however, who is now employed at Messrs. Selfridge's.

A woman official of the Women's Emergency Corps gave *The Daily Mirror* yesterday some striking instances of how the mothers and daughters of to-day are devoting their time and energy to the good of the country. They are given below:—

A clever actress (who is well known in the role of a parlour-maid on the stage) is working actually as a superior parlour-maid in the evenings when out of an engagement. She attends to the houses, decorates the table and even waits on the guests.

Another woman has been a great success as a "removal expert"—superintending the rearrangement of furniture, books, pictures, etc., after moving from one house to another.

One well-to-do volunteer wrote to say that she would be pleased to go round to people's houses and wash any old lace they might possess—if it might be the means of helping somebody!

Since war was declared women have entered into all sorts of trades and industries which have been hampered by the absence of male workers.

WOMEN CHAUFFEURS.

They are acting, for instance, as chauffeurs, toy-makers (in this trade some of the women workers are making as much as 50s. a week), gardeners, motor-car and motor-bicycle cleaners, farmers, bookkeepers, clerks, guides, interpreters, cooks, domestics, etc., etc.

It must not be thought that women are attempting to compete with men," said one of the organisers of the corps to *The Daily Mirror*. "Our object is to help women who would otherwise suffer owing to the war."

Hundreds of London business girls are joining the Women's Volunteer Reserve—a branch of the Women's Emergency Corps.

These girls spend their evenings drilling, learning signalling, fencing, camp cooking, shooting, etc.—going through practically the same training as their brothers in Kitchener's Army.

PUT YOUR OWN CHAIR TOGETHER.

Chairmakers of High Wycombe, at an exhibition opened yesterday at the Board of Trade Intelligence Department, Cheap-side, showed that they could produce a chair of more substantial and lower-priced chairs than the Austrians, who have had in the past the lion's share of the trade in bentwood chairs.

Every article, including dressers and tables, could be easily taken to pieces and packed into a small compass to save freight, and quite easily could be put together by anyone. A number of exporters visited the exhibition and were keenly interested in these space-saving devices.

TOO YOUNG AT THIRTY-SEVEN.

The regulations now governing the conditions of enlistment in the Central Volunteer Training Corps are such that in future, with some exceptions, no man under thirty-eight years of age will become or will remain a member of the corps.

Special constables may join the corps on the understanding that their duty as constables takes precedence of the claims which membership of the Training Corps has upon them.

DAINGEROUS BREASTPLATE.

PARIS, Jan. 13.—The Ministry of War, having tested a bullet-proof breastplate which was submitted to it and ascertained beyond dispute that it is dangerous to the wearer, is prosecuting the inventor on a charge of chicanery.—Reuter.

EARTHQUAKE SWEEPS 12,000 TO DEATH

Towns Destroyed and 20,000 Persons Injured in Italian Disaster—Damage at the Vatican and St. Peter's.

The appalling earthquake in Italy, the news of which was published in the later editions of yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, proves to be one of the most disastrous in the history of such calamities.

It is now clear that about 12,000 people have perished in Italy as the result of an earthquake, which appears to have been felt over an exceptionally wide area. The number of injured is estimated at 20,000.

One town, Avezzano, has been practically wiped out. It is stated that only some 800 people have escaped from the general devastation of a population which is estimated at between 9,000 and 11,000.

The ancient city of Rome itself has suffered, while many towns in the province have been partially wrecked.

The King of Italy has made a personal tour of the stricken districts around the capital.

EARTHQUAKE'S APPALLING TOLL.

Total number of victims (approximate)	32,000
Killed	12,000
Injured	20,000
Killed at Avezzano	10,000
Towns and villages affected (approximate)	50
Radius of devastated area (miles)	100
Duration of shock (seconds)	30 to 70

while troops have been hurried with supplies to the devastated villages.

Another earthquake shock was felt at three o'clock yesterday morning. Part of the population of Rome fled from their homes and spent the night in the open.

Italy, the one great European Power not at war, has suffered by the earthquake a total loss in human life such as she might have incurred in a great battle.

MANY TOWNS WRECKED.

The chief towns in which loss of life and damage to property are reported are as follows:—

Avezzano.—About 10,000 killed out of population of 11,000. Town completely destroyed.
Sora.—One hundred killed. Houses wrecked. Nearly all rendered uninhabitable. Numbers of people buried under wreckage.
Arpino.—One hundred killed.
Balsorano, Cuccullo.—Towns destroyed.
Celano, Pescina.—Partially destroyed.
Pescasseroli.—Ten killed and fifty injured.
Bussi.—Six killed, many injured.
San Felice.—Four killed, several injured.
Torre.—Several killed and injured.
Aquila.—Vaults fell in, killing two people and injuring about twenty.
Serra Monacesca.—One hundred injured.
Sulmona.—Five soldiers injured. Roof of church of fallen.
Maranoagosto.—Railway station, houses and church tower wrecked.

TROOPS TO THE RESCUE.

Reports of the widespread havoc in other places continue to filter through to Rome, but communication, both by train and telegraph, has been much interrupted.

Innumerable buildings have been cracked and damaged, and there was wild panic in many towns when the shocks were felt.

At Desora, where telegraphic communication was cut off, an operator, says Reuter, succeeded in working an apparatus in the market-place to give information as to the damage.

As soon as news of the effects of the disaster reached Rome help was dispatched by motor-cars, and troops and doctors were sent to give assistance.

At Naples a great tidal wave broke over the shore contemporaneously with the earthquake. The sea was especially rough in the Gulf of Gaeta.

At Ancona (134 miles north-east of Rome) a terrific storm arose with the earthquake shocks.

Rome, Jan. 14.—The latest approximate re-

ports show that 12,000 people were killed and 20,000 injured in the earthquake.

A train reached here at 1.30 this morning, bringing about 100 injured persons from Avezzano and Tagliacozzo.

The Under-Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior met the train at the station, together with the prefect, and the mayor. Ambulances were in the piazza, in which the injured persons were conveyed to hospitals. It was a touching sight.

The refugees confirm that Avezzano was completely destroyed.—Reuter.

BURIED BENEATH DEBRIS.

ROME, Jan. 13.—Avezzano has been completely destroyed, as well as all the buildings in the surrounding country.

It is estimated that only 800 people have been saved. The majority of them are injured.—Reuter.

NAPLES, Jan. 14.—The tower at Arpino to the memory of Cicero, who was born there, collapsed owing to the earthquake, causing many victims.

Another message states that in the province of Aquila (Abruzzi) up to the present about forty deaths have been reported, and several hundreds of persons have been injured.

In the townships of Popoli and Pentima victims are believed to be buried under the debris, and rescue parties are being organised.

From Ancona the cable comes the report that up to the present ten dead and 150 injured have been taken from the ruins.

KING VICTOR VISITS THE SCENE.

ROME, Jan. 13.—Despite advice to the contrary, the King left in his motor-car to-day for Frosinone and Avezzano.

When it was hinted that international complications required his presence in Rome his Majesty said, "The sorrows of my people are nearest to my heart."

The King made a motor-car tour through Freggi, Frosinone, Veroli, Torre, Cajetani and other places in the province of Rome.—Reuter.

DAMAGE IN ROME.

According to a report from Naples, says Reuter, Faisher Alfani, the famous seismologist, director of the observatory of Valle Pompeii, says:—

The earthquake registered by our apparatus was the most disastrous in a district with a radius of over a hundred miles, whose centre is probably in the province of Potenza.

In Rome itself the shock, though it caused much alarm, claimed no victims. Some damage

PREVIOUS GREAT EARTHQUAKES.

Here is a list of some of the biggest earthquakes of modern times:—	Killed.
1863—Kakatoa	35,000
1902—Mont Pelé volcano in Mar-	
tinique	10,000
1902—Andijan (Turkestan)	10,000
1905—Northern India	20,000
1905—Calabria	4,000
1906—San Francisco	6,000
1908—Messina	200,000
1909—Persia (Teheran)	6,000

is reported, however, to some fifty-seven buildings.

The ancient arch of the Porta del Popolo has been cracked; one of the turrets over the Ministry of Justice collapsed, and the cupola of the church is damaged.

The statue on the Antonina Column in the Piazza Colonna appears to have been moved.

The shock caused slight damage to the Vatican. At the moment of the disturbance the Pope was in the library.

He knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, and then gave instructions for an investigation to be made as to the extent of damage.

In the Basilica of St. Peter 150 windows were broken in the dome.

DRAMA OF A SEAPLANE.

A thrilling story of a flight in a seaplane by Captain Stirling, a British officer, and Seaman Grall, of the French Navy, was told by His Majesty's ships to Wady-el-Araba, a valley between the Gulf of Akaba and the Dead Sea, is told in a Reuter special message from Cairo.

On the return journey the engine stopped at a height of 4,700ft., but Grall, cleverly volplaning, alighted on the eastern side of the valley. He was badly bruised, while Captain Stirling received a severe shaking.

Calculating that Akaba was eighteen miles away, they set off to find their ship.

They covered five miles in three and a half hours, when Grall collapsed, and Captain Stirling pushed on alone and reached Akaba.

He hailed his ship, and was taken on board in an exhausted condition. The following morning a party set out to find Grall, but Grall, by great exertions, had reached Akaba Beach in the evening. He was too exhausted to attract the attention of the ship, and was mortified to see her steam away.

She returned later, and her searchlights discovered the French sailor, who was rescued

INJURED IN TRAIN SMASH.

Several passengers and a driver were injured as the result of a railway accident which occurred early yesterday morning on the Great Central and Midland joint line, a Great Central passenger train colliding with a stationary Midland engine at Apethorn Junction, between High Wycombe and London.

The engine was standing near the signal-box at the junction of the Liverpool to Sheffield and Manchester to Hayfield line, and the two front coaches of the passenger train were telescoped and completely wrecked.

Several passengers were seriously injured, three being conveyed to Manchester and Stockport infirmaries.

Fire broke out in the first coach immediately after the collision, and the amount of wreckage was such that considerable delay was caused on the main line, while local traffic was badly dislocated.

The driver of the engine was injured. One of the passengers, named J. Hopper, of Marple, was sent to Stockport Infirmary suffering from fractured legs.

SHIP THAT ESCAPED FROM GERMAN GRIP

British Steamer at Lonely Pacific Island Outwits Captors.

A KING'S COCONUTS.

The thrilling story of how the British steamer Southport, of Cardiff (Captain A. Clopet), escaped from the clutches of the Germans is told in a statement by the Imperial Merchant Service Guild.

The Southport had, on August 4, called at Kusae, the most easterly of the Caroline Islands belonging to Germany, in the South Pacific.

She was there awaiting the Germania, which was due at Kusae on August 28. The non-arrival of the latter was informed to the German great surprise and it was decided to sail for Nauru on September 6.

On the 4th, the captain being ashore at the German cruiser Geier and the transport Tintau, of Bremen, arrived in the harbour.

Shortly afterwards a boat, manned by officers and sailors fully armed, put off and boarded the Southport, and on the captain subsequently arriving on board the Geier said that the German officers that as war had broken out between England and Germany they demanded that the ship's papers should be handed over to them forthwith.

DISABLING THE ENGINES.

In a very short time engineers from the man-of-war arrived on board the Southport and commenced disabling the engines.

The four engines of the medium-pressure and high-pressure engines and other parts connected therewith, and also the intermediate stop valve, were removed.

The following day the Tintau came alongside and started transhipping coal into her bunkers until 6 a.m. on the 7th.

The Germans then formally appropriated the vessel and Captain Clopet was told to take charge of the ship and be responsible for her, pending further action by the Imperial German Government.

It was only because the Southport was short of provisions, owing to the non-arrival of the Germania, that the ship was not sunk. The commander of the Geier said he had run short, but he sent four loaves of bread.

At the same time he gave the captain of the Southport an order on the King of Kusae, in the name of the Imperial German Government, to supply the ship with such food as the island produced.

The Geier and Tintau shortly afterwards took their departure, disappearing in a south-easterly direction.

After their departure the captain consulted the chief engineer, and the latter expressed the opinion that the ship's engines could be fixed up.

By the exercise of much ingenuity the engineers were able to connect up the engines, but the engines could only move ahead, it being impossible to reverse the engines to go astern.

The shortage of provisions was a great difficulty. The captain ordered 400lb. of roots, which are used by the natives only when they are on the verge of starvation and 250 coconuts.

The King of Kusae, who by this time became aware of the scheme to escape, supplied "these stores."

On the 18th they left Kusae and arrived without incident at Brisbane on September 30.

CHILDREN IN KHAKI.

Small Girls Attired in Kilts to Match the Parental Uniform.

A little curly-headed baby girl shot a little boy in Kensington Gardens yesterday.

She had probably never seen him before. He was very gallant. He let her shoot him with her toy gun and then he scampered off with his hoop.

If the Germans arrived "really and truly" as the children say, they would find almost all the babies in London's most popular playground equipped with guns.

In war-time every mother seems to dress her child exactly to the fashion of the day.

In the Strand yesterday *The Daily Mirror* saw an officer in a Scottish regiment hand in hand with his little daughter, who was attired in a kilt to match his own and a khaki coat, also a copy of daddy.

Many little curly heads appear to the casual observer to wear regulation soldiers' caps on their heads and khaki suits.

One of the queerest of little girls seen recently by *The Daily Mirror* when shopping had a lovely ermine coat and muff—no hat—white cotton socks and gold bangles around the top of each sock.

FOOTBALL AT THE FRONT.

Football is booming as well as the guns at the front.

Driver A. E. Cox, of the Army Service Corps, Indian Expeditionary Force, sends *The Daily Mirror* a brief account of a match they played within sound of the "roaring guns" against the Manchester Regiment.

The A.S.C. team won the match by two goals to one. The winning team was:—

Corporal Richardson (goal); Drivers Hemming and Martin (goals); Drivers Baker, Flynn and Allison (half backs); Drivers Dickson, Coomes, Cox, Wilson and O'Keefe.

Cox and Wilson were the goals.

Sergeant-Major Murphy, of Chatham, acted as referee. Driver Cox says: "We are all keen on football, as it keeps us warm."

BRITISH AIRMAN REPORTED TO HAVE DROPPED BOMBS ON ANTWERP

Daring Sky Raid to Attack German Lines Round Belgian Port.

VON KLUCK'S FIERCE BLOW AT FRENCH.

Heavy Fighting Rages All Day Near Soissons—Floods Help Germans.

LARGE BRIDGES SWEEP AWAY BY RISING AISNE.

Another daring raid on the enemy's lines by a British airman was reported last night.

The news, though unofficial, comes from Amsterdam. It is stated there, says Reuter, that a British airman flew to Antwerp, and dropped bombs on the German fortifications round the famous Belgian port.

At present it is not known what damage was caused.

Violent fighting, which raged all day near Soissons, was reported in yesterday's French official communiqué.

Von Kluck, the general who overreached himself in that famous attempt to annihilate the little British Army at Mons, once again comes into the limelight.

Before the war, it is stated on good authority, he made a special study of the country around Soissons.

When he was violently attacked there last week he at once asked for reinforcements, and got them by railway from London.

Now he is desperately striving to land on the French forces a serious blow.

RISING RIVER THREATENS ALLIED LINE.

Germans' Strong Attack on Two Hillsops Near Soissons.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

In Belgium the mist has hindered artillery fire.

The cannonade, however, was fairly violent around Nieuport and Ypres.

Belgian detachments blew up to the south of Stuyveskerke a farm which was being used as an ammunition depot by the enemy.

Between the Lys and the Oise, in the region of Lens, our artillery dispersed some of the enemy at work at the approaches to Angres, and bombarded effectively shelters and trenches to the south-east of the Chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette.

To the north of Soissons violent fighting raged throughout the day.

The action was localised on the ground comprising the two hillsops situated to the north-east and north-west of Crouy, of which we held only the first slope.

FRENCH YIELD GROUND.

Our counter-attack to the left progressed slightly, without, however, being able to make any sensible advance.

In the centre we maintained our positions around the village of Crouy, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the enemy, but to the east, before Vreney, we had to yield ground.

The continued rising of the Aisne has already carried away several of the bridges and footways which we had thrown across, thus rendering precarious the communications of our troops.

In these conditions we established ourselves to the south of the river in the part comprised between Crouy and Missy, with bridgeheads on the northern bank.

On the rest of the Aisne front, both on the right and left bank, there was merely cannonading.

In the Champagne the region of Perthes continued to be the scene of local actions for the possession of the German trenches of the second or third line.

To the north of Beaunejour we blew up mine chambers in order to hinder the enemy's work.

The enemy, believing himself attacked, manned his trenches, upon which we opened a violent fire from artillery and infantry.

There is nothing to report on the rest of the front.—Central News.

PUSHING OUT THE HUNS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—A correspondent of the *Hollandshad*, writing from Pervyse, in Flanders, under date January 8, speaks of "some changes in favour of the Allies."

In spite of incessant artillery attacks, he says,

the Allies have again succeeded in pushing forward their positions during the last fortnight. This forward movement has quickened, and whereas some time ago one spoke of progress in scores of feet, one can now speak of hundreds of yards gained.

The correspondent doubts whether the Germans will be on the Yser much longer.

Their activity in the air has increased. The gaps in the ranks of the Belgian Army are being regularly filled up now by reservists and an ever-increasing number of Belgian volunteers.

The formation of the new Belgian cadre is progressing satisfactorily.—Central News.

SNOW TRUCE IN ALSACE.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—The *New York Herald* says the fog and snow have imposed a truce upon the combatants in Alsace, where they remain in their trenches.

The result of the French attacks, however, has been to disorganise the German plan, which had for its object an offensive against Delle, in order to allow of the French positions at Damerie being taken.

Following the attack upon Burnhaupt, the Germans were forced to transport all their troops concentrated at Bisl, and this spoils their plans for the offensive. The German batteries of the enemy are installed 500 yards from hill No. 425, which is occupied by the French.

The bad weather will tie down the bellgerents to their present positions for some time to come.—Central News.

CEASELESS ATTACKS TO CAPTURE A VILLAGE.

Austrian Report That Russians Are Constantly Hurled Back with Heavy Loss.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—An official report issued from Vienna states:—

The incessant attacks of the enemy on the Lower Nida are chiefly directed on one point situated in our line of defence.

Supported over the whole front by violent artillery fire, the hostile infantry is endeavouring to gain ground and capture this village. He fails, however, over and over again, suffering heavy losses.

Before our own positions in Galicia and the Carpathians get set, it prevails almost everywhere.

Our smaller operations are favoured by mist and snowstorms. On several points there have been successful attacks and skirmishes.

Military attaches of neutral countries who accompanied the German Western Army have now left for the east front.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 13.—An official communiqué published in Vienna says:—

Since the sinking of the *Zenta* on August 18 no other Austrian ship, boat or aeroplane has even been damaged by hostile or our own gun fire, and not a single man of the fleet wounded.

From the French Fleet the submarine *Curie* has been destroyed and a battleship of the Courbet type has been hit by two torpedoes.

Since November 3, with the exception of submarines, not a single hostile war vessel has been seen near our coast.—Reuter.

PERSIANS UNABLE TO STOP TURKISH ADVANCE.

Russians in Caucasus Defeat and Rout Turkish Rearguard—Many Prisoners Taken.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 13.—It is reported from Tiflis that events in Persia are developing. The Turks are gradually advancing into the interior.

Their principal movements have hitherto been in the vicinity of the Russian frontier. The Persians are helpless and unable to resist. Fifteen thousand refugees have arrived at Erivan from Julfa.—Reuter.

GOVERNOR'S BRAVE STAND.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 14.—The *Bourse Gazette* publishes the following from Tiflis:—

Soudja ed Douleh, formerly Governor of Aserbaidjan, has arrived here. In the course of an interview he denounced the Persian Government for allowing the invasions of the Turks.

He declared that he possessed proofs that Persian clergy and officials had been suborned by Germans. He had posted 1,500 troops in one of the Maindab forts and 1,200 in another. He himself, with 400 horsemen, including many of his own relatives and friends, fought the Turks and defended a bridge, enabling refugees to escape to Maraga.

DASH TO TABRIZ.

The fight lasted ten hours, and the guard was annihilated, there being only four survivors. The Turks used guns and quick-firers.

Soudja ed Douleh said that he fled to Tabriz, and thence on horseback to Julfa. Turks and Kurds massacred the Christian population at Mandab and many refugees also. All the staffs of the Consulates and banks escaped from Tabriz prior to the Turkish occupation.

The Russian Consul at Tabriz and Vice-Consuls at Khoi and Urmia have arrived at Julfa. Many Persian notables, fearing a Kurdish massacre, fled to the Caucasus.

The Armenian colony in Petrograd is allotting funds for the relief of the refugees.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 13.—The communiqué issued

to-day by the Russian General Staff in the Caucasus says:—

In the region of Oltu, after fierce fighting, we defeated and routed the Turkish rearguard. Beyond Oltu we have captured artillery units and made numerous prisoners.

In the region of Kara Urgan the Turks suffered enormous losses on January 13 in killed and prisoners, among them being an entire battalion of the 53rd Regiment.

In the same region we captured some mountain guns, a quantity of arms and parks of artillery, droves of cattle, convoys of stores and a field hospital with 800 wounded Turks.—Reuter.

GRAND CROSS AWARD TO COUNT BERCHTOLD.

Austrian Emperor Expresses His "Continuous Affection" for Foreign Minister.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—Vienna dispatches indicate that the resignation of Count Berchtold has caused considerable surprise in Austria-Hungary, notwithstanding the announcement that the step has been taken for purely personal reasons.

It is announced that no change will be made in the foreign policy of the Empire.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—A Vienna telegram, says the *Wiener Zeitung*, publishes the following autograph letter from the Emperor to Count Berchtold.

Fully accepting your motives for asking to be released from your functions as Minister of my House and for Foreign Affairs, I accept your resignation, and I take this opportunity of expressing to you my warmest thanks and my full recognition for the distinguished services you have rendered to my House and Monarchy in times of peace, as well as during this great war, and for the excellent work you accomplished during your former diplomatic career.

It is with regret that I see you depart from your functions, and I confer upon you, as a token of my continuous affection, the *Brillants of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen*.

The *Wiener Zeitung* also publishes an autograph letter from the Emperor to Baron Kurian appointing him Minister of the Imperial House and for Foreign Affairs, and entrusting him simultaneously with the Presidency of the Common Cabinet Council.—Reuter.

GERMANS' CELLAR RAID.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 14.—In the Belgian Campine the Germans are requisitioning great quantities of wine, and inhabitants who have no cellar are compelled to pay amounts for the *lanceur*.

Places which are unable to satisfy the German demands are taxed by other requisitions or forced to pay levies in money.—Central News.

DANGERS OF FLOODS.

The necessity of applying prompt and vigorous measures for cleansing and disinfecting the portions of houses which have been submerged by the floods is emphasised by the special sanitary commissioner of the *lanceur*.

"When the floods are beginning to go down disinfectants, notably chlorinated lime, in suitable quantities should be thrown into the water that remain in the basements or cellars," he suggests, alluding to the danger to health caused by the contamination of dwellings by the floods.

"There the disinfectant should mix with the sludge or mud deposited by the water on the walls and on the floor."

"The mud should be piled up in some open space and sprinkled over with a disinfectant."

"The walls, floor and ceiling of flooded rooms or cellars will require very careful washing and scrubbing and, finally, should be thoroughly whitewashed."

IGNORED SENTRY.

For disobeying the order of a sentry who challenged him as he was approaching Cove Bridge, Arthur Blackman was fined £1 at Alder-shot yesterday.

Captain Milward, who prosecuted, said the case was brought in the public interest, the sentries now had orders to fire when a challenge was not replied to.

MASTER KEY AND MISSING GEMS.

Extensive thefts by an employee at the Savoy Hotel using master keys were alleged yesterday at Bow-street, when Robert Oscar Paget, roomy clerk, was charged with stealing articles valued at £1,000.

Detective-Inspector Ashley said that, when arrested at his flat, accused said: "I have been expecting this. I will tell the whole truth, and will return all the jewellery. I have not got rid of it."

A bag (produced) contained about £1,000 worth of jewellery, which, the witness expected this, I will tell the whole truth, and will return all the jewellery. I have not got rid of it."

At Bow-street prisoner said: "I was allowed three master keys, which enabled me to gain access to every room in the hotel."

The magistrate granted a remand.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mrs. Rosamund Hickman obtained a decree nisi, with costs, against her husband, Commander H. P. V. Hickman, R.N. There was no defence.

"WOOLLY BEAR" AND "ARCHIBALD."

Nicknames Given by the British Soldiers to the Enemy's Guns and Shells.

GERMAN DESERTERS.

The nicknames given by British soldiers to German shells and guns are as picturesque as they are amusing.

In fact, "Eye-Witness," in his latest account, says:—With the development of new weapons the number of nicknames in use has been extended until they form a language which is most bewildering to a stranger.

Thus the enemy's trench mortar or *Minewerfer* goes by the name of "the German Undertaker."

The anti-aircraft gun, has for some unknown reason been christened "Archibald."

A certain type of German howitzer shrapnel is known as "the Woolly Bear" from the thick white smoke emitted with it bursts.

The different types of our own ordnance also have their designations. A certain heavy howitzer whose dull boom is easily distinguishable above the report of any other piece is affectionately termed "Mother," while another is somewhat inappropriately called "Baby."

The French also have names for the German projectiles. The heavy field howitzer shell—known to us as "the Colossal"—is called "Une Marmite," and the smaller field howitzer shell "Une Petite Marmite."

BACK FLIGHT IN AIR.

At high altitudes, says "Eye-Witness," whose account is dated January 12, during the last few days there has been a considerable amount of wind, especially at high altitudes.

This has been a boon for the airmen, but has not prevented reconnaissance.

On one day it was blowing so hard that an observer engaged in photographing a certain area found himself actually travelling backwards, relatively to the ground, at the rate of ten miles an hour, though he was on a very fast machine.

DUELS OF THE CANNON.

The general situation remains the same as it has been for weeks. During Friday and Saturday, January 8 and 9, nothing occurred beyond a more or less continued artillery and mortar duel in which our superiority was maintained.

On Friday our French mortars destroyed another house at Neuve Chapelle, which was being used by snipers, and stopped the enemy's attempt to sap; and near Massinart our guns shelled a detachment of about 300 infantry with considerable effect.

Similarly satisfactory reports as to the action of our artillery have come in from different parts of the line. On Saturday the fire of a certain number of our guns was concentrated upon the area immediately west of La Bassee.

This bombardment was particularly effective, and according to the statement of our troops captured caused between 150 and 300 casualties to the enemy.

Sunday, the 10th, was the finest day we have had for some time.

POST RETAKEN.

In the early afternoon our troops retook the observation post on the railway which abutted on the east of Ghinchy, which we had evacuated on January 1.

A machine-gun emplacement was also seized by us, but owing to its exposed position was not retained.

The observation post, however, remained in our hands in spite of three counter-attacks which the enemy delivered during the night.

Along the rest of the line the German artillery was more active than it has been for some days. Otherwise nothing of interest occurred, except a minor success gained in the centre by our anti-aircraft guns, which scored a hit upon a German aeroplane, and forced it to return in haste towards its own lines.

On Monday, the 11th, our guns shelled Neuve Chapelle with good results, also the triangle near Cunchy. In the centre some direct hits were obtained on a house occupied by snipers.

There is a certain amount of desertion from the enemy's ranks, caused, no doubt, by the general conditions of life in such weather as is now being experienced.

Desertion among Alsatians is not uncommon, in spite of the precautions which, according to prisoners, have been taken to prevent it.

Apparently the Alsatians have been divided into two categories before going up to the front. Those considered reliable have been no to fight in Poland, while the others have been dispatched to Poland. The difference in quality between the men who now remain in the German ranks appears to be very marked.

The Landwehr units are spoken of in very high terms, but the Landwehr men are taken, are said to make very indifferent soldiers.

Nevertheless, in spite of the rather heterogeneous character of units, the original signs of weakness to be observed are rather in the general situation, in the continued pressure exerted by the Allies and in the failure of nearly all the German counter-attacks.

THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS: A PROBLEM FOR SERBIA.



After their great victory over the Austrians, the Serbians found themselves with thousands of prisoners on their hands, and great difficulty was experienced in dealing with such a large number of men. The picture shows part of a battalion, which surrendered en masse, on the march to the interior of the country.

KILLED IN ACTION.



D. D. HOWIE
Lieutenant Frederick H. Turner, the Scottish Rugby international, who has been killed at the front.

WHILE WAITING FOR THE TURK.



The Australians draw the arms of Queensland in sand near the Pyramids. They are patiently awaiting the advent of the Turks and are looking forward to driving back the invaders.

THE WAR'S BIGGEST AIR RAID: DAMAGE AT DUNKIRK.



Fifty bombs were dropped on Dunkirk when the Germans made the biggest air raid of the war. As is usual in these cases, innocent civilians were killed and property was damaged. The pictures show a house and a barge which suffered. Two of the raiders were brought down by gun fire.

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes.—(Advt.)

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Admitted 32 Children Last Week.

They came from the following places—

LIVERPOOL	15	RICHMOND	1
PLYMOUTH	3	CHELSEA	1
PORTSMOUTH	1	ST. MARK'S	1
BIRMINGHAM	1	DARTFORD	1
WIMBLEDON	2	ATLHAM	1
WALTHAMSTOW	2	ISLE OF WIGHT	1
HACKNEY	1		

The youngest child was 6 months and the eldest 12 years.

7,500 CHILDREN in all are supported by these Homes. Funds urgently needed. Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and parcels may be sent to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., 11, B. 18/26, STURNEY CANNERY, LONDON, E.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Mdes. Delysia, Hanako, Sim; Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Gratian's Revue. **ODDS AND ENDS.** at 9, preceded by Hanako in "OTAKU," at 8.30. Mats., Thurs and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Regent 2830. **APOLLO.** Evening Beauty (Sat.), 2.30. **CHARLES HAWTREY** in a MESSAGE FROM MARS. **DAILY'S**, Leicester-square. **EVENINGS**, at 8. Mats., Weds and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. **PRODUCTION, A COUNTRY GIRL.** (Special Reduced Prices). **DRURY LANE.** **SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED.** **Twice Daily, 1.30 and 7.30.**

George Graves. Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer. Box-office open all day. **Gerrard 2588.** **DUKE OF YORKS.** **TO-DAY**, at 2 o'clock. **CHARLES FROHMAN** presents PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. 11th Yearlings EVERY DAY, at 8.30. **THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS**, at 8. **GARRICK.** **A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.** **Twice Nightly, at 6.20 and 9.**

Matinee. Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. Prices, 6d. to 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 7s., 10s., 12s., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 35s., 40s., 45s., 50s., 55s., 60s., 65s., 70s., 75s., 80s., 85s., 90s., 95s., 100s., 105s., 110s., 115s., 120s., 125s., 130s., 135s., 140s., 145s., 150s., 155s., 160s., 165s., 170s., 175s., 180s., 185s., 190s., 195s., 200s., 205s., 210s., 215s., 220s., 225s., 230s., 235s., 240s., 245s., 250s., 255s., 260s., 265s., 270s., 275s., 280s., 285s., 290s., 295s., 300s., 305s., 310s., 315s., 320s., 325s., 330s., 335s., 340s., 345s., 350s., 355s., 360s., 365s., 370s., 375s., 380s., 385s., 390s., 395s., 400s., 405s., 410s., 415s., 420s., 425s., 430s., 435s., 440s., 445s., 450s., 455s., 460s., 465s., 470s., 475s., 480s., 485s., 490s., 495s., 500s., 505s., 510s., 515s., 520s., 525s., 530s., 535s., 540s., 545s., 550s., 555s., 560s., 565s., 570s., 575s., 580s., 585s., 590s., 595s., 600s., 605s., 610s., 615s., 620s., 625s., 630s., 635s., 640s., 645s., 650s., 655s., 660s., 665s., 670s., 675s., 680s., 685s., 690s., 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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1915.

"THINGS-IN-GENERAL."

THEY WERE DISCUSSING the general situation and one of them remarked quite cheerfully: "The war hasn't affected me in the least. And isn't likely to."

It sounded selfish, and, to give one's true impression, rather refreshingly so, at a moment when so many of one's friends are sorrowful, overworked, "helping" assiduously, and so preoccupied that they have not time to breathe in other than a bronchial manner. Here was one "not in the least affected." He didn't mean that it was all indifferent to him. On the contrary, he probably cares very much. He simply meant that he had lost no money by the war.

Here was a chance to borrow something. We asked him for some jerseys and socks. He signed the cheque readily. He didn't even sigh.

Some of the other people thought it was time to wake him up, evidently; for one began about the war and the worry; and another would have it that the world was coming to an end; and a third cited the latest earthquake, as one of those predicted prophecies of *Revelations*, a book so long meditated by theorists of predestination, who, however often disappointed, always return with the conviction that their predictions, though a million times refuted, must turn out true some day. The conversation, in fact, fell, as it now often does, into a rather dismal groove from which one had no heart to dislodge it. And it ended by an authentic pronouncement to the effect that the war was going to last twenty years or more. Lord Kitchener had said so.

Earthquakes, war, floods, winter, income-tax—how was it possible to be "unaffected"? We asked him after the others had left.

"Do you see that piece of ground right in front of my feet?" he said. "I look at that and nothing more."

"But it's so dirty and damp and greasy."

"Don't be silly—you know what I mean. I mean that I go on simply from day to day doing what I have to do."

"Eating and drinking and going to bed and getting up?"

"And signing cheques for jerseys."

But the point is: I've given up reviewing things-in-general. Things-in-general don't bear scrutiny at the dawn of the Twentieth Century. If I look East I see earthquake and flood; if West flood and storm; if North, South, or in between, nothing but storm and earthquake. I therefore look at the thing in front of me. I have blinkers on. I go on with my work. I leave things-in-general alone."

"Very selfish."

"Is it? Anyhow, I am less of a wet blanket and more of a warm overcoat in any house than those people with their war-moaning and *Revelations* and twenty years of it. Twenty years? We shall quite enjoy it by then. Stop thinking of things-in-general. Think of the pavement."

There was sense in it. But then, of course, as he had said, he had lost no money by the war. . . . W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2id. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Your goodness is of no use if you are not good to others. The good of goodness is that you can wrap others inside it. It ought to be like a big cloak that you have on a cold night, while the shivering person next to you has none. If you don't make use of your goodness, what is the good of it?—Mrs. Clifford.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"THE ENGLISH WAITER."

IF "S. E." and other correspondents were only behind the scenes they would perhaps know why the English waiter is of the greasy and grimy type. If your correspondent started work at 7 a.m. and worked until 10 p.m., and sometimes until 1 a.m. the next day, with only half an hour off duty for washing, and if he were working among grease and cleaning silver and carrying plates all day, perhaps he would be greasy also. W.

MY EXPERIENCE about English waiters is that during the past twenty years they have stood no chance.

I started at the age of fourteen and worked my way up, but when I reached the age of

card, but on carrying down my bag and helping me off, and this, too, in spite of his being a Judge at Strasburg and a highly-educated man. His enthusiasm was greatly aroused because I was doing what he did not believe was possible with the aid of two boatmen even. We parted both of us imbued doubtless with the same idea, viz., that we were both very capable spies. JACK ALL-ALONE.

Yacht Little Windflower, R.C.P.Y.C., St. Mawes.

STRAY DOG AND CAT.

MAY I through your columns make a new year appeal for animals?

Now that the dog licences are becoming due I earnestly appeal to those unable to pay for them not to turn their animals adrift, but to

WHEN WE GET UP EARLY IN JANUARY . . .



"The precious hours before breakfast" are recommended by the truly virtuous for work or health exercises. There is much to be said on the other side.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprinted.)

twenty-five I could see that an Englishman suffered under great handicaps. All the agencies were in the hands of foreigners. An Englishman depended upon his merits, whereas a foreigner depended upon his £3 or £4 which he paid to the different agencies. These were more often than not attached to the club he went to when he first arrived in England. A. THOMAS.

UNOFFICIAL FRIENDLINESS.

YOUR correspondent's summary of the attitude of Bavarian nationalist feeling towards Englishmen is so obviously true that any chance corroboration may seem superfluous.

I should, however, like to mention one instance which shows this kindly feeling in a picturesque light.

Having crossed from Jersey in a 15ft. open boat to the Chausey Isles, that strange patch of tangled rocks in the centre of a triangle formed by St. Malo, Granville and Jersey, I found a German installed in the hotel. We became very chummy, and when I started next morning he insisted not only on giving me his

communicate with the Animals' Hospital and Institute, Kinnerton-street, Knightsbridge, where their dogs will be housed temporarily until good homes are found for them; or, if necessary, they can be painlessly destroyed free of charge.

Cats are similarly received at the home. WINTFRED PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, Notts.

A WINTER INVITATION.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son. Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mine, Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire Help waste a sullen day, what may be won From the hard season gaining? Time will run On smoother, till Favonius reappear The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun. What nest repeat shall feast us, light and choice, Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air? He who of those delights can judge, and spare To interpose them off, is not unwise. —MILTON.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

What to Save and What to Spend During the Struggle.

SAVING V. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." YOUR READERS have hit upon a problem to discuss that is occupying the minds of innumerable housewives just now.

We all want to save—in fact, most of us must save, but whenever we try to do so we are attacked on the score of meanness and are told that we must "keep things going."

But I always say, it is to those who want to be "kept going." "What about prices? You call it unpatriotic in us not to spend, but we hear less about your lack of patriotism in letting the price of food go up and in using the war generally as an excuse for making everything dearer." Indeed, the lamblike way in which everybody accepts the rise in prices—often quite unnecessary—always amazes me. Somebody is evidently out to make money out of the war. We who have to save cannot be accused of that. A MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSEWIFE. Wimbledon.

LUXURIES AND NEEDS.

THE BEST way to save is on the "extravagances" of ordinary life—gold and the other things for men, smart dress and cabs and so on for women.

The ordinary expenditure can still be kept going. If luxuries are dropped. D. L. Thurlow-square, S.W.

EXPENDITURE DIVERTED.

IT IS clearly impossible for the majority of us to spend at this time on the same things as we bought and seemed to want before the war.

The national expenditure has been diverted into other channels.

How can we, who are trying to give to the various funds and to keep our friends at the front supplied, manage to spend as usual on ordinary things?

Those who are suffering from the war should join in to those labour-needing war trades now working as such high pressure all over Great Britain. Brighton. ECONOMIST.

'GLORY AND HORROR.'

THE LETTERS of Miss Charlotte Brooks are perfectly true. What does it matter if the poor, suffering human body has to be sacrificed in support of a healthy, noble, exalted, just and righteous cause? Have we not Christ as our example? He died to save us from the consequences of sin and wrong.

At one time during the horrors of this unprecedented conflict it almost looked as if the Almighty had relaxed His hold on the reins of government of His own earthly kingdom, but we have distinct evidence now that He still holds supreme command over it, and it behoves us all in fighting the good fight "to rush for protection under His banner, for there never was a time like this in which to follow Christ's example of devotion and self-sacrifice when glory shall follow the unrighteous horrors of war, and right, under God's guidance, shall prevail over wicked doctrines as that "might alone is right." The time will come when we shall have to see the matter in this light. MORTIMER SULLIVAN. Forest Hill, S.E.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 14.—The earliest spring flowers already begin to appear in spite of unfavourable weather.

Here are the beautiful little winter aconites (*eranthis hyemalis*) opening their golden blossoms and unfolding cushions of emerald-green leaves. This is a very fine and precious plant, thrives in sun or shade, and is especially useful for naturalising under trees and in other moist positions. It seeds freely and will soon cover a wide area with foliage and flowers. That pretty shrub, *aphne mezerium*, is decked to-day with its first red flowers, while the early snowdrops lift their heads around. E. F. T.

OUR FEARLESS SOLDIERS MARCH THROUGH MUD TO MEET THE FOE

2P. 314



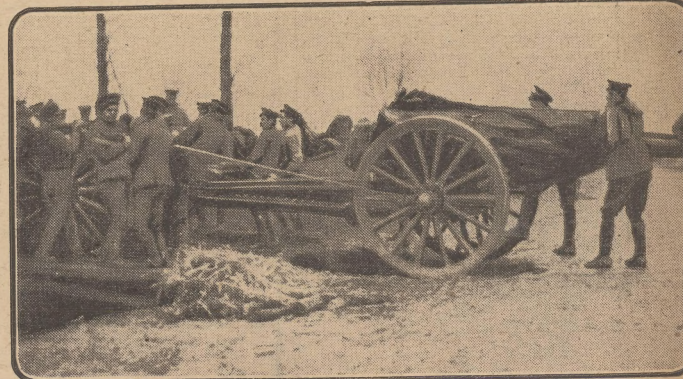
British infantry marching to the trenches. It is raining hard and the roads are deep in mud. One of our big guns is also seen in the picture.

9.331D

9.331D



Awaiting the order to attack a village. This is the kind of fighting that "Tommy" loves, for he can get to grips with the enemy.



A heavy gun being limbered up to go into action. During the war the British gunner has made himself famous by his skill and daring.

BUY BRITISH GOODS.

9566T



Chair made with an iron band to strengthen it. It is a High Wycombe product and can be seen at the Board of Trade Exhibition of British Goods in Cheapside.

SOLDIERS RESTING IN THE SNOW.

9429D



The Serbian soldiers do not mind the snow and can endure any amount of hardship. Here they are seen enjoying a brief rest and a smoke. Austria is preparing to invade her territory again, but our gallant little ally remains undismayed.

HERBERT ASQUITH, JUN

P. 392V



Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, the Premier's second son, who is now an officer in the Royal Naval Division. His brother is also serving his country. —(Sarony.)

EET THE FOE: A MARCH THROUGH MUD.

SP 317



With the development of the new weapons the number of nicknames in use has been extended until they form a language which is most bewildering to the stranger," says "Eye-Witness" in his latest account.

WAR HERO TO WED

P 5576



Lieutenant Sir Ian Colquhoun (Scots Guards) and Miss Dinah Tennant, whose engagement has just been announced. Sir Ian was recently wounded. (Lafayette and Allie Charles.)

DESPITE GERMAN TUITION.

91128A



ing led back to
ed.



A big Turk gets a lift on a small donkey.

PREMIER'S SON.

P 242 V



Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, the Premier's second son, who is an officer in the Royal Naval Division. With his brother, who is also serving his country, he is setting a fine example. (Sarony.)

91128A

NUN'S FINE TABBY WINS A PRIZE.

P 16965



9646H Sister Roberts and her prize tabby, Lady May.

9646H



An exhibit "takes cover."



The Noble Prince.

Two hundred and thirty-seven cats, the very cream of the feline world, sat behind cage bars at the Southern Counties Cat Club show at Westminster yesterday. The Noble Prince won six prizes, two of them firsts. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



e shows oxen slowly and laboriously dragging transport wagons along a roadway.

FAMOUS LOVE PICTURE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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No Competition to Enter.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

From to-day everyone sending the Presentation Coupon at the foot of this announcement will have forwarded a copy of the beautiful Engraving roughly illustrated below. Every Engraving presented is guaranteed by the OXFORD FINE ART GALLERIES—a firm established over 33 years ago and enjoying Royal Patronage—to be printed by hand, by British labour, direct from the engraved plate on fine quality plate paper measuring 22in. by 18in.

Some idea of the value of this unique free gift may be obtained from the fact that the Artist's Proofs (all of which have now been disposed of) were sold at 3 guineas each, and the ordinary India prints at 1 guinea each.

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The Famous Royal Academy Picture, "Two Strings to Her Bow," by C. Haigh Wood, magnificent Engravings of which are now offered Free (see Coupon below).

Probably no other picture of its kind, except perhaps its companion picture, "To Be or Not to Be," has ever exercised such a fascination in every home circle.

It portrays a scene from which there can be no escape so long as the World lasts and young and lovely woman rules.

Love, Hope, Passion, Jealousy, Despair—all these conflicting human emotions are depicted in the men's faces in striking contrast to the perfect calm and guileless innocence of their fair inspirer. For the first time an Engraving of this exquisite Royal Academy picture is now offered free as

a sample of the Oxford Fine Art Galleries' famous reproductions to introduce the catalogue of superb pictures which they are now supplying to art lovers all over the world.

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OUR NEW SERIAL, "JUST LIKE OTHER MEN," BEGINS ON MONDAY.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

WHY SETON COULD NOT COME.

LAURENCE SETON hung up the receiver and came out of the office of the shabby vestibule of the hotel which had been his headquarters since his coming to London. It called itself an hotel, but really it was a boarding establishment, situated by the score in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury.

"I shall want a taxi in about five minutes," he said to the youthful porter. "Call one then and let me know when it comes."

He went back to his sitting-room on the second floor.

A woman sitting near the window, staring out through the grimy lace curtains, started up as he came in.

"Oh, Laurence, how long you have been! Are you ready? Every moment is precious."

It was his sister Edith. Dressed in a tailor-made coat and skirt, with a hard, mannish-looking hat that seemed just a shade too small above her long, yellow face, she looked even less attractive than she had done in India.

"Yes, and most moments have their appointed duty," said Edith, with a slight smile. "You neglected that call. I have ordered a taxi. It will not take us many minutes to get across to Kensington."

"Many minutes! Half an hour at the soonest! You are very callous, Laurence. The man may be dead—"

"His times are appointed, Edith," Laurence Seton's voice was very stern. There was a look in his eyes that checked the half-hysterical flow of words on his sister's lips.

His mood was stern. Grim things had come into his life to-day. He had been brought face to face with tragedy, before Edith had come to tell him the story of more tragedy still. Only ten minutes, or less, before John Hillier's telephone call his sister had arrived unexpectedly, white-faced, with red-rimmed, frightened eyes, to tell him that she had been summoned to a private hospital in London, where Sir George Clair lay dying.

"There has been some terrible accident, Laurence! I rang the house surgeon up at once, but that was all I could hear. And I am afraid to go alone. He is such a strange man. He frightens me . . . besides, it's an awful thought—that he should die without any consolation of religion."

"Consolation!" It had cost Seton something of an effort to keep back the words that had risen to his lips. If half the stories he had heard about this man George Clair were true, it was not consolation that he needed, but a scourge.

But he said nothing of these thoughts to his sister. Edith Seton was one of those persons, essentially hard of nature and ungentle to the living, who invariably sentimentalise on the subject of death.

"It is so terrible for the poor children, Laurence," Miss Seton said as they went downstairs, the taxi Seton had ordered having arrived. "They are poor little things, but the world . . . now that their father was beginning to take a proper interest in them, doubly sad . . ."

Laurence Seton hardly listened to his sister. His thoughts were occupied with a tragedy that was much nearer to his heart than this accident to a half-mad and possibly drunken baronet. Only a very strong sense of duty was taking him across London to his sister's side away from Hillier, who needed him . . . away from Hillier's wife, who needed him still more.

The wreckage of those lives that had seemed so full of promise, the extraordinary story of that marriage which had been so largely a making—these were the thoughts that occupied Seton's mind as the taxi carried them swiftly through the crowded streets to the Kensington square and the private hospital from which the summons had been sent to the governors of Sir George Clair's children.

For it was to Laurence Seton that Sylvia had fled on leaving the hotel—to the only friend she knew in all London. And she had come in vain. This man, who knew so much of the human heart, as only the priest and the doctor can know it, had been very tender.

He had passed no judgment upon the woman who, if she had sinned, had sinned through the fulness of her love and her compassion. He had no words of condemnation. He had endeavoured to counsel and console, but he had found her dead to both.

Fluffy had refused to go back to her husband.

"Oh, no, no. That isn't possible, Mr. Seton. I never wish to see him again—that is all. I don't know what I shall do—but to go back to Jack, that is not possible. You must promise me you will respect my secret. You will not tell him that you have seen me . . ."

Sitting in the taxi by her sister's side Laurence Seton had a vivid mental picture of the face of John Hillier's wife as she had spoken those words. A white, tense face, with tragic, tearless eyes. The face of a woman whose heart lay dead in her breast.

He had made the promise she had asked of him. But it was a promise it would not be possible to keep. When he got back he must see her again. He must show her that she had not the right to breed Hillier's heart . . . Yet in some strange way, he felt a certain awe of this white, still girl. He was not hopeful. He feared that very bitter days of suffering lay ahead for them both—this man who had so

strangely alienated his wife; this girl whom suffering seemed to have turned to ice.

"Is this the place?" Edith Seton leaned forward, scanning the houses they had passed, and the taxi was going slowly as the man looked for the given numbers that showed doubtfully on dimly-lighted fanlights. "Ah, yes, here it is. How on earth did the poor man come to be here?"

"Hospital of St. Catherine of Siena," Seton read on the worn brass plate that was affixed to the railings. Evidently a small hospital managed by a community of Catholic nuns.

He rang the bell and the door was opened immediately by a portress, a little, rosy-cheeked nun with a flapping coif that gleamed whitely in the light of a hanging lamp.

"You have a patient here of the name of Clair, I believe?" Seton asked, after an exchange of greetings.

"Oh, yes. Sir George, is it not so?" the little nun said, with a pronounced French accent. "You are his friends, yes?"

"You are his friends, yes?" "We have been expecting you, oh, so anxiously."

She showed them into a waiting-room, scrupulously clean, with a waxed floor, but devoid of furniture with the exception of a table and a couple of chairs, and asked them to wait whilst she acquainted the superior of their arrival.

"You must go and see the man yourself, Edith," Seton told his sister. "He asked for



This is Jean Delaval, the heroine of our powerful new serial, "Just Like Other Men," the opening chapters of which will appear on Monday.

you. If it seems expedient, I shall come and see him afterwards, but I have no right whatever to thrust myself upon him."

"Laurence, I am afraid . . ." The usually self-sufficient voice trembled, there was no mistaking the nervous fear in the small, closely-set eyes. Seton was amazed at these evidences of agitation.

"Afraid of what? Is this the first time you have visited a sick man?"

"But he is not as other men—" she began, then checked herself as the door opened and the portress returned.

"Ma Soeur will be glad for you to come to your sick friend at once," she said, addressing Seton.

"Thank you, my sister will go with you," he said. "I shall wait here, if I may, until she sends for me."

"Oh, but yes; most certainly, sir. Madame will go to the nurse to get a companion for me!"

Unwillingly enough, as it seemed to Laurence Seton, his sister rose and went with the little nun. At the door she turned and looked back at him, her plain face almost piteous in its look of entreaty.

He nodded reassuringly, glad to be alone, glad for this moment of quietness in which to strive to arrange his thoughts, to shape and control his plan.

For the happiness of this man and woman of whom he was so fond must be saved. It was not possible that John Hillier and his wife should be allowed to drift utterly apart, to go shipwreck on the rocks of their bitterness and pride.

DEATH THE JESTER.

"YOU are nervous, yes?" the little nun said to Edith Seton as she conducted her down the long stone corridor.

"A little, I confess," Miss Seton said reluctantly.

"You are afraid that you will see some terrible change in your friend, but, no—he is most gravely injured, but not disfigured," the nun assured her tranquilly. "He is conscious. Ma Soeur tells me he has asked very often for you."

She smiled, fully believing herself to be imparting gratifying news, but Edith Seton was conscious of a yet further shrinking from the taste before her. What was it that this man required of her? Nothing to do with the Hilliers, she hoped and prayed . . . ever since a certain summer afternoon, when she had allowed her tongue to run away with her somewhat unwisely on the subject of Sir John Hillier's wife, Edith Seton had been extremely uneasy.

This man had manifested an extraordinary interest in the woman who had gone out to India to marry John Hillier, had questioned her very closely about her, and she had allowed herself to make certain statements about Lady

Hillier which might get her into very serious trouble were they to come to the ears of Lady Hillier's husband . . . or even to Laurence's ears . . . he was just as infatuated as was possible with this slip of a girl.

Of course, it was pure nervousness . . . yet Edith Seton was strangely afraid.

"This is the room." The nun had paused outside a closed door and had touched it lightly with her fingers. It was opened immediately by another nun, who smiled at Edith Seton and invited her to enter.

It was a pleasant room, whose whitewashed walls were bare of any adornment. There were four beds in the room, but only one was occupied. A screen had been drawn round it.

Edith Seton shivered faintly at the sight of that screen; she knew its significance.

"I have brought you your visitor at last, Sir George," the young nun said in her quiet voice, going round the screen. "Miss Seton, will you sit here?"

Edith Seton moved round the screen behind the bed, and stood looking down at the man in the bed. The big face against the pillows had lost its red and bloated look. It was almost as though already Death had set something of his seal upon the young man's work at that face was to know that this was a dying man.

"Hullo, Miss Seton!" Clair looked up, smiling. "This is a rummy go, eh? Glad you were able to come. Quite lucky, too, you happened to be down to-day. Oh, no, I say—out all that. I quite understand," for Edith Seton had begun to murmur her expressions of horror and sympathy. "Not quite the end I'd have chosen, still."

An expression of intolerable pain crossed the grey face, and the husky voice ceased.

The young nun bent over him and held a restorative to his lips. Her face was very sweet and serene. The dying man's eyes rested on it with a glance of approval as she wiped the sweat from his brow.

"You'll have to look after those darned kids," he said to Edith Seton. "They come of pretty rotten stock, and haven't had much of a chance. Don't rein 'em in too tight—only means they'll kick over the traces later. But I didn't ask you here to talk of them. Here, closer—"

His wild eyes commanded her. Unwillingly she bent nearer to the bed.

"You've got a brother a parson, eh?" Could you get at him easy? He knows the Hilliers, too, eh? You told me that. Married them. What? Edith Seton moistened her dry lips. "As it happens, my brother is here now," she murmured.

The bed shook with the dying man's laughter. "Too good an opportunity to be lost, eh? I brand to be snatched from the burning? Glory—another soul saved!"

There was something hideous in the mockery of his words and looks. The contempt in his eyes scorched her.

"Well, send for him. You managed better than you knew in bringing him along. What's he like—a male edition of you?" His eyes added expression to his hope not.

"Sister," trembling all over Edith Seton moved round the screen and spoke to the waiting nun. "Would you be kind enough to send for the clergyman who is waiting downstairs. Sir George wishes to see him."

The nun nodded and went to the speaking-tube outside the ward door. Very shortly Laurence Seton entered the ward and passed round the bed.

"Um," Clair lay for a second staring up at him. He had not addressed the woman once during the interval of waiting. "You'll do, sir. It was good of you to come—now if you'll be kind enough to get the other women—yes, the sister, too; she'll go. She's a good sort. There's something I want to say to you, and I want no prying . . ."

He held out his hand towards Edith Seton with a grin.

"Good bye. Thank you. Look after the kids. You'll find I've made it worth your while."

He dismissed her with an abrupt command, and Edith Seton for once was glad to go. The nun did not go so willingly; she was afraid what might befall the patient during her absence, but Seton reassured her.

"I shall look after him," she said, as a clergyman, sister.

She thanked him and left the men alone.

"God moves in a mysterious way." When Clair said, "I believe in it more or less—it seems like the mysterious workings of Providence that has brought you here to-day, parson."

"I don't believe in confession or anything of that sort—but I want to ease my mind a little. I've lived a man's life. I'm not afraid of that. There's only one thing I'm afraid of, parson. One very vile and cowardly deed . . ."

The sweat gathered on his brow, and Seton wiped it away as gently as a woman could have done.

"Speak quite freely to me," he said. "Do not be afraid—I shall treat your confidence with all respect."

"It was a woman," the man in the bed muttered. "A woman who trusted me . . . who married me, and I . . . I . . . hounded her to her death. I killed her—not with these hands, yet I am guilty. I killed her."

His voice died to a husky whisper. He lay back against the pillows, very still.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

BELGIAN DOCTOR REFUGEES.

A PRACTICAL SCHEME.

The relief fund for the thousands of destitute Belgian Doctors and Pharmacists, now being raised by their British confreres, has received from the makers of "Sanaphos," the reconstructive food for nerves and tissues, the promise of 6d. on every 5s. tin, and proportionate sums on all smaller sizes sent out in the four weeks commencing on the 18th January. This is in appreciation of the enthusiasm with which British physicians have aided the introduction of Sanaphos, the British-owned product which is displacing the German-owned preparations.

One hundred and fifty guineas is guaranteed by the company as a minimum, but every purchase of Sanaphos will benefit this deserving fund.—(Adv.)

ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER NO LONGER A CHILD.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a titful temper, is restless and excitable, and often in need of gentle reproach. In that case, remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood.

If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired-out after a little exertion; if she tells you of headaches or backaches, or pain in the side, do not disregard these warnings. She is probably bloodless.

Should you notice any of these disturbing signs, lose no time, but procure for her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People enrich the impoverished blood of girls and women, and by doing so they repair waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls health, brightness and charm, with colour in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, a light step and high spirits. Let your daughter begin to-day: any dealer supplies the Pills (but never accept substitutes), or send 2s. 9d. for one box, or 13s. 9d. for six, to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

FREE—Of interest to all girls and women is the little book "Plain Talks to Women." Send postcard for a copy to Hints Department, 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Adv.)

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH.

EASY TO MAKE AND COSTS LITTLE.

If you suffer from Catarrh, head noises, sore throat, asthma, or Hay Fever, here is a fine recipe that invariably effects a permanent cure after all other treatments have failed.

Its effect in the worst cases is most striking and positive.

The Catarrhal poison is quickly driven from the system, and its tonic action immediately increases the vitality, which is always lowered by this insidious disease. From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parment (double strength), about 2s. 6d. worth, take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, Catarrh, discharges, head noises and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of Catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has Catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv.)

BY APPOINTMENT
PURVEYORS OF JAMS TO H.M. THE KING.

Chivers' Strawberry Jam

Chicest Home-Grown Fruit and Refined Sugar only
MADE IN SILVER-LINED PANS
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHIVERS' WITH THE GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON THE JAR
Chivers & Sons, Ltd., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambs.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

M. Emile Cammaerts.

I met M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian poet, yesterday. He was telling me about his experiences in the firing line of the Belgian Army. M. Cammaerts has been right into the trenches about the Yser, and he is full of admiration for the plucky Belgian soldier.



Miss Tita Brand.

Miss Tita Brand.

The poet was married in Brussels some six years ago to Miss Tita Brand, the actress, and I expect Mme. Cammaerts will enter heart and soul into her husband's schemes to help the Belgian "Tommy" for she has always been a hard worker in schemes of relief. I remember many years ago Miss Brand started a weaving works in Westminster, where she installed a number of East End girls at the looms in large well-lighted workrooms.

The Rain Couldn't Beat Her.

She has been ever ready, too, to lend her aid at charity performances, and in the years gone by as a Shakespearean actress she had a great success. She used to act a good deal in pastoral plays, apropos of which I remember one performance in which she played in a pelting rain. Everybody tried to ignore the rain and pretend it would soon stop, but it was no good. Down it came harder than ever, and in the end audience and actress had to bolt for cover, where, after a short interval, Miss Brand having changed her soaked Charles I. costume—she was giving Milton's "Comus"—she reappeared in modern costume and continued the play.

Perhaps It Would Be Better.

Queer orders occasionally puzzle the men of the new Kitchener armies now in training. The other day a sergeant of one of the Staffordshire battalions was exercising his section in Swedish drill. "On the command 'Hop!'" he explained, "you will begin on the left foot and go on hopping on the right and left foot to all eternity." Gently the young subaltern who was superintending the instruction interposed: "Sergeant, as we are only here for three years or the duration of the war, suppose we do it alternately instead."

The Best Recruiting Agency.

A friend of mine writes me of a conversation he heard in a railway carriage a day or so ago. In the compartment were half a dozen men of the South Staffords returning from the week's leave. Said one: "Well, boys, I got a recruit; he's gone to the R.F.A." "What!" said another, "only one?" I got four, and all for the Staffords, too. I just tell them it's not bad being in the Army, which is only the truth, and if it wasn't for the rain there would be nothing to grumble at. It's a bit wet underfoot, but you've got to have that even if you are a civilian."

Recording History.

West Hartlepool is wasting little time in recording the history of the history the Huns made when they bombarded that busy port. The West Hartlepool Public Library is collecting copies of all the important photographs known to have been taken of the damage done by the bombardment, and these are to be preserved in a special album.

Mr. Crawford's Serial Story.

Readers have already written to me saying how much they liked the last story, "The Husband She Bought." Mr. Alexander Crawford wrote for *The Daily Mirror*, and how glad they are that he has written the new serial, "Just Like Other Men," which begins on Monday. I had an interesting talk with Mr. Crawford yesterday, in which he told me some of his aims and methods in writing a serial.

Aims at Reasonability.

"The chief qualities I always aim at," he said to me, "are simplicity, humanity and interest. And I always draw my characters so that they shall be as life-like as possible—the hero no more immaculate than the villain utterly bad, and so forth. Finally, I aim at showing what fellow-creatures would do in certain situations—what any one of the readers might have to do. The true interest of a story to me lies, not in hairbreadth escapes, but in the testing of character where duty and desire come into conflict."

No Good Hiding It Now.

When the German papers announced that Liège was about to be incorporated in the Kaiser's empire, a corpulent, red-headed Teuton expressed his jubilation at the decision, and invited a Liégeois to have a glass of German beer with him. The Belgian accepted, but without enthusiasm. "We are now compatriots," said the Kaiser's subject, with condescending patronage. "Are we really compatriots?" asked the Belgian. "Undoubtedly," replied the German. "Then we can speak quite freely to one another?" "Of course," "Well, then, between ourselves," remarked the Liégeois slyly, "it's no good hiding the fact that we're getting it in the neck at the Yser!"

Plays for the People.

I went down to "The Old Vic" the other night, and it was quite like the good old times to go and see Britain's classical plays in the Waterloo-road. But it is a sign of the present times to see how these plays are appreciated by cheap-priced audiences.

K's Army Represented.

At the Royal Victoria Hall—to give it its full title—the management is doing much for our Shakespearean and classic drama and for grand opera. The night's bill when I was there was Goldsmith's immortal comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." It was a splendid performance and a splendid audience. Many of Kitchener's Army were present, and some of them brought their kit bags on their backs as they came in to see Mr. Goldsmith's entertainment.

Liked It As Much as Ever.

Once inside they smoked and ate oranges and laughed heartily at Mr. Goldsmith's jokes and farcical situations just as their forefathers did ever so many years ago. Tony Lumpkin was the soldiers' favourite. He was the sort of fellow they would have liked to see in the Union Jack Club as an amusing companion.

The "Pow-Wow."

A kind friend has sent me a copy of the "Pow-Wow," which is—or perhaps I should say was—the cheery organ of the University and Public Schools Battalion now in training near Epsom. I am exact in my terms because I read in an editorial notice that the editor "is fed up," and since he gets no assistance he says as far as he can see "this will be the last number."

They Ought to Know.

That seems a pity, because the little paper makes merry reading; its grumbles I like immensely. It seems that at the battalion concerts fair lady vocalists will insist upon singing recruiting songs to the recruits. Some was has written this parody to the chorus of "Your King and Country Need You":

For we don't want to grieve you
But we think we ought to know
That our King and our country
Both need us so.
We shall thank you and cheer you
If you'll spare us this refrain;
But we'll hoot you, egg you, hiss you,
If you sing it again.

They do seem to have some cause for complaint.

The Thousand Footballs Completed.

Yes, we did it, thanks to you. We have raised our thousand footballs. We have done even better, for our reinforcements of one kind and another rolled in so well yesterday that we are far on the way to the eleventh hundred. Actually we can count to-day's total 1,015, but when the money I received yesterday is turned into footballs that total will be increased.

How They Came In.

Yes, yesterday was a grand football day. It started with a telegram from Miss Florrie Ford, who has already made a most generous donation towards the fund, announcing that she was posting £5 to complete the first thousand. Then there arrived twenty footballs from the Society of Dorset Men in London to be sent to various battalions of the Dorsetshire Regiment. Well, that secured the thousand, and the rest made a grand start on the next hundred.

"Who's Afeard?"

The Society of Dorset Men have a comforts fund to provide little luxuries for soldier and sailor Dorset men, and their footballs were purchased out of that fund. Each ball bears on it the Dorsetshire legend: "Who's Afeard?" For the rest of the day we were again attacked by nearly fifty applications, but we beat them all off, and over a thousand footballs had been sent off to "Tommy" before six o'clock; 1,003 was the exact total.

Cannot Resist English Papers.

The Hun may hate us, but even in war time he has a sneaking regard for us. When he has finished chanting the Hymn of Hate he glances at his native newspapers, and then, very properly mistrusting their accuracy, does his utmost to get hold of an English newspaper that has been smuggled into Germany. Apparently, however, the truth to be found in our Press does not meet with the approval of the Kaiser's Government. The Governor-General commanding the Dortmund district has now issued an order making it a penal offence to be seen with an English newspaper. But it won't do. Even the Huns want to see what "Little Willie" is doing.

From Oxford to Khartum.

Captain E. N. Bennett, who sails to-morrow in Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin, in control of the hospital staff which will attend wounded Serbs and Montenegrins, is an Oxford man who has seen much fighting. Like another famous Oxford don, the late G. W. Stevens, he left the University, where he had a fellowship, to go out to the Sudan as war correspondent. He saw Lord Kitchener's triumph at the battle of Omdurman and entry into Khartum.



Capt. E. N. Bennett.

Warrior M.P.

In the South African War he served in an ambulance corps under Lord Methuen, and later with the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, receiving the medal and three clasps. Then he exchanged the sword for the pen, and from 1906 to 1910 he was Liberal M.P. for an Oxfordshire Division.

A War Censor.

Captain Bennett, having travelled widely, found war more exciting than Westminster. He was with the Turks in Tripoli, and in the Balkan War was one of the Press Censors. He has had four months of "the greater game" in Belgium and France, and is a Red Cross Commissioner.

The Belgian Refugee Fund.

On Monday last I wrote a paragraph asking for news of a Belgian refugee, Mme. Ros, and her daughter Yvonne, whose husband—a soldier fighting with the Belgian Army—had heard nothing of them since the fall of Antwerp. I am glad to say that Mme. Ros has been found. She and her daughter are safe and well, staying near Rugby. Although they have written frequently to M. Ros, their letters have apparently gone astray owing to insufficient address.

Please Pass It On.

I have sent M. Ros's address to his wife and have telegraphed his wife's address to him. But postal communication with the Belgian Army is not easy now, so should this paragraph be read by anyone in touch with the Belgian forces I should be glad if they would endeavour to communicate Mme. Ros's address—Crick Rectory, Rugby, England—to M. Gustave Ros, Chauffeur de l'Auto 26,450, Ome D.A. 1st C.A.M.A., Armée Belge. I am not at all sure what the initials signify, but any French or Belgian soldier will know.

A Von Kluck Warrior.

From a French paper I learn that Jean Louis Napoleon Lang, a soldier in the German reserves serving with Von Kluck's army, was hit by a fragment of a shell and taken prisoner at Villers Coteretes. When he got well he was charged by the French authorities with theft.

Some Loot.

His kit was searched and found to contain, among other things, a bottle of perfume, a dagger, a pair of women's boots, two umbrellas, two pairs of stockings, a compass, a silver paper-knife, a Chinese engraving, four napkins, a pendant and a dozen handkerchiefs.

His Name Didn't Save Him.

He said he got these articles from a German lieutenant, whose trunks were so full of loot that he could not get any more into them. Jean Louis Napoleon Lang has been sent to a French prison for three years, despite his French name.

THE RAMBLER.

THE GREAT New Year SALE

£1000 WORTH OF HIGH-QUALITY FURNITURE OFFERED AT PRICES WHICH RENDER COMPETITION IMPOSSIBLE. CASH ONLY—NO CREDIT RISKS TO PAY FOR



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NEW YEAR SALE CATALOGUE "G" POST FREE. LONDON RD., ELEPHANT THE CASH HOUSE LONDON, S.E. (Right opposite Elephant & Castle Bakerloo Station.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; startlingly cheap and supremely beautiful; materials solid and durable; most perfectly harmonized in color; ready-made; instant approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

Articles for Disposal. A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces, 25s.; including a A1 set of six plates, lined, silver-plated, and a cutlery set, everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly—Mrs. Howles, 55 Second Avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 141), 26, Denmark Hill, London. Unredeemed Pledge Sale; special supplementary list of last month's unredempted pledges and ready stock free list of 5,000 sensational bargains; don't delay; write at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds; all goods sent on seven days' approval.

12/6—MAGNIFICENT 50s. Set of Rich Black Russian fox-colour, 4-1/2-1/2, handsome, 12-1/2-1/2, Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Duchess Muff matching; together, 12s. 6d.; approval before payment.

13/6—REAL Coal, 22 1/2-1/2, set; long wide War or Stole and extra large Pillow Muff; perfect skin; beautifully attractive; excellent hand-some; West End style together, 13s. 6d.; approval.

15/9—MOST elegant black fox-coloured Princess Stole, 13-1/2-1/2, extra long, extra large, 12-1/2-1/2, set; and large two-piece Animal Muff, with head and tails hanging; together, 15s. 9d.; approval before payment.

6/7-6—LADY'S £11 1/2, real Coats Seal Coat, 52in. long, deep roll collar, laces, 12-1/2-1/2, set; exceptionally handsome; exceptionally fine quality; together, 6s. 7d.; approval before payment.

12/9—BABY'S Long Clothes, supreme quality, magnificent, 22 1/2-1/2, parcel; 40 pieces; 21s.; everything required; exquisite embroidered American robes, etc.; beautifully made garments the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; 10 years' warranty; approval.

10/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, imported action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds; 10 years' warranty; approval.

19/9—SUPERFINE quality Blankets, magnificent 63 1/2, parcel, 10 complete; 10 years' warranty; approval.

4/9—PRETTY Necktie, with heart pendant attached set; 19-1/2-1/2, set; 10 years' warranty; approval.

12/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, imported action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds; 10 years' warranty; approval.

14/6—BRACELET, with safety chain; 14s. 6d.; approval.

19/9—LADY'S 43 1/2-1/2, 20s. 6d.; 24 superlative quality nightdress, chemise, knicker, postcard, combinations, etc.; great sacrifice, 19s. 9d.; approval willingly.

4/9—LADY'S 21s. solid gold marquisette Ring, set one 3/8 mass of lovely Parian pearls and turquoise, 5s. 9d.; approval.

6/6—LADY'S 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; bargain, 4s. 9d.; approval willingly.

12/6—LADY'S Choice £12 10s. 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, imported action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds; 10 years' warranty; approval.

10/6—LADY'S 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, imported action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a minute; 10 years' warranty; approval.

12/6—LADY'S Choice £12 10s. 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, imported action, 10 years' warranty; timed to a few seconds; 10 years' warranty; approval.

STORES LIMITED.

Friday, January 15, 1915.

OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL
'JUST LIKE OTHER MEN'
 By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD. Begins on Monday.

The Daily Mirror
 CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

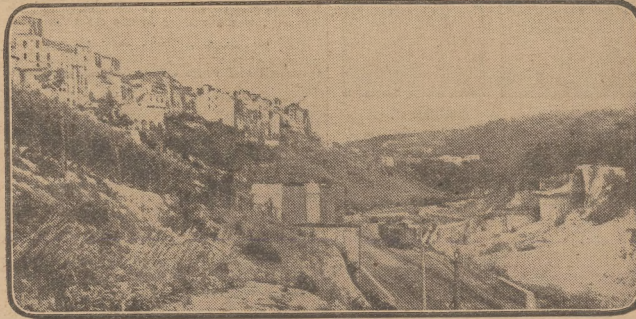
TOWNS WIPED OUT BY THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE: DAMAGE AT TIVOLI.



Tivoli, the historic town near Rome, which has been severely damaged. It is here that Hadrian had a villa.



Sulmona, where five soldiers were injured.



Avezzano, which has been completely destroyed.



The church of San Domenico, Sulmona. The roof has fallen in.



Both maps show the stricken area. The small one also shows the position of Messina, where the terrible earthquake occurred in 1908.



The Cathedral of St. Peter, Rome, where 150 windows have been broken.

Both Avezzano and Cucullo are reported to have been completely destroyed by the terrible earthquake in Italy. The former had a population of about 11,000, of whom but

800 have escaped death. When the shock came everything fell to pieces, and among the famous buildings destroyed is the famous castle.